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THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER.

BEING SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 5.

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NOTE.

In the preparation of "The Reading-Club" the editor endeavors to print only such selections as have not been used in other compilations. How successful he is in this is shown by the appearance in rival readers and speakers, *after* they appear in "The Reading-Club," of choice pieces, bearing unmistakable marks of his editing. To those authors who have kindly allowed the use of their productions, to friends who have loaned valuable scrap-books containing rare pieces, and to the press "where all good things appear," the editor returns thanks for valuable assistance in the compilation of this volume. In all cases where the author is known, credit is given in the "contents." The four previous parts of this series, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 "Reading-Club," have been so successful, that the appearance of this volume in time for the annual school exhibitions, it is hoped, will amply satisfy for a while those who are looking for something new.

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BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE BALLAD OF RONALD CLARE.

MIDWAY up a sloping hill a grim old castle stands,
And, like a sentinel, keeps watch o'er the valley's shining lands:
Its frowning battlements are gray with the weary weight of years,
And of its silent chambers one is sanctified by tears.

Ah! long ago that castle's halls with merry laughter rang;
And maiden's song, and warrior's oath, and armor's clash and clang,
Made glad the echoes ringing through its broad, iron-studded doors;
And sunlight flecked the shadows gray along its oaken floors.

Then smiles made bright the sunny face of one long passed away,
Whose golden hair shone radiant; whose voice was blithe and gay
As any robin's whose red breast among the hawthorn glows
When sunlit skies and violets' breath foretell the coming rose.

The castle's lord her father was, a baron stout and bold,
With hair of gray, and brawny arm, and heart made stern and cold

By the hard blows of bitter frays, and forrays wild and red,
When burning homes shone lurid on their owners stark and dead.

Only one joy made light his soul, — his daughter's lovely grace;
The one great vow he ne'er forswore was, "By *her* sweet, bright face;"
And he had marked a fate for her, as noble, high, and fair,
That he could see a crown's bright gold melt in her golden hair.

Among the knights that round his hall hung sword and lance in rest,
Young Ronald Clare in march or fray was always counted best:
No voice was sweeter in the camp, or had such store of song;
No hand was swifter in the fight, or e'er gave blows more strong.

And Elsie's eyes shone bright whene'er she heard his step draw nigh,
And sweet the smile that on her face made to his look reply;
And even the bugle's blowing could not make Clare's heart rejoice
As could the rippling music of sweet Elsie's ringing voice.

Ah! soon or late love claims the due of kisses warm and sweet,
Of looks and words, and thrills of joy, whene'er true lovers meet;
And soon or late there comes the chill of words that sting and pain,
And blooming cheeks and laughing eyes see their bright glory wane.

When daisies in the meadows bloomed, and heather clothed the hill,
And bird-songs all the orchard filled, and ploughmen's calls rang shrill,
The lovers wandered hand in hand amid the forest's shade,
And at the last by a broad stream their lingering footsteps strayed.

"Oh that our lives might ever run like this clear stream!"
he said:
Then flashed a helmet on his sight; and, "Curse your caitiff
head!"
The stern voice of the baron cried; and then, "How did you
dare
To lift your eye so far above your state? say, Ronald Clare?"

The young man laughed: "I lift my eyes? Methinks that
you are mad.
Whose sword has done most work for you, of all the swords
you had?
Whose blood has flowed the readiest to win you wealth and
fame?
And why, I pray, is not my own as good as your old name?"

"Go to!" the baron cried, and swift his sword gleamed in
his hand:
"There is but one name fit for her; and that, Queen of the
Land.
So stand your ground; for now you die!" Young Clare's
laugh rang again:
"Not now," he said, "shall your bright sword in my blood
find a stain.

"I go; but I shall come again. — Good-by, sweetheart!"
said he;
Then sprang away. The baron's sword rang sharply on a
tree,
And quivered in the wood, as it had quivered in the head
Of Ronald Clare, had he not then quick through the forest
fled.

The baron's heart was stern and sore as Elsie met his
glance.
"A brave knight, truly, you have won, who fears to break a
lance
For you!" he cried; "but, lass of mine, no more shall your
fair face
Shine on my warriors, thus to lure them from their rightful
place."

So in the woman's tower she was kept both night and day.
She saw afar the sunshine bright along the hilltops play;

She saw the brook go winding on among the meadows green;
And oft, adown the road, she saw an armor's shining sheen.

The hours grew to days and weeks. She saw the loom of years,
As sad and silent, rising up, and wept love's burning tears;
And then from out the valley came a bugle's stirring call,
And she could dimly hear the knights go clanking through the hall.

And soon her maid came running in: "The king, the king, is here!
And he would see and speak to you: so fill your face with cheer.
Your father bade me tell you come." And slowly Elsie went,
With hope and fear in surging mass within her bosom blent.

She reached the hall: a knight stood there, his armor bright with gold,
His face safe hid beneath the bars of his dark visor's hold;
And when the baron took her hand, and led her where he stood,
Her face grew hot and brightly glowed, flushed by the rising blood.

"My daughter, sire," the baron said: "Heaven's one best gift to me."
The king bent low his armèd head: "A queen indeed is she,"
He murmured low; and then he cried, "I claim this lady fair!"
And, flinging up his visor, showed the face of Ronald Clare!

THE SCOTCHMAN AT THE PLAY.

After paying our money at the door, never while I live and breathe will I forget what we saw and heard that night.

It just looks to me, by all the world, when I think on it, like a fairy dream. The place was crowded to the full; Maister Glen and me having nearly got our ribs dung in before we found a seat, the folks behind being obliged to mount the back benches to get a sight. Right to the forehand of us was a large green curtain, some five or six ells wide, a good deal the worse of the wear, having seen service through two-three summers: and just in the front of it were eight or ten penny candles stuck in a board fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet like, when they came on the stage; and even before they came on the stage; for, the curtain being scrimpit in length, we saw legs and sandals moving behind the scenes very neatly; while two blind fiddlers they had brought with them played the bonniest ye ever heard. 'Od! the very music was worth a sixpence of itself.

The place, as I said before, was choke-full, just to excess; so that one could scarcely breathe. Indeed, I never saw any part so crowded, not even at a tent-preaching when the Rev. Mr. Roarer was giving his discourses on the building of Solomon's Temple. We were obligated to have the windows opened for a mouthful of fresh air, the barn being as close as a baker's oven, my neighbor and me fanning our red faces with our hats to keep us cool; and, though all were half stewed, we certainly had the worst of it, the toddy we had taken having fermented the blood of our bodies into a perfect fever.

Just at the time that the two blind fiddlers were playing the "Downfall of Paris" a hand-bell rang, and up goes the green curtain; being hauled to the ceiling, as I observed with the tail of my eye, by a birkie at the side, that had hold of a rope. So, on the music stopping, and all becoming as still as that you might have heard a pin fall, in comes a decent old gentleman at his leisure, well powdered, with an old-fashioned coat on, waistcoat with flap-pockets, brown breeches with buckles at the knees, and silk stockings with red gushats on a blue ground. I never saw a man in such distress: he stamped about, and better stamped about, dadding the end of his staff on the ground, and imploring all the powers of heaven and earth to help him to find out his runaway daughter, that had decamped with some ne'er-do-weel loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms from her bedroom-window, up two pair of stairs.

Every father and head of a family must have felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbed of his dear bairn, and an only daughter too, as he told us over and over again, as the salt, salt tears ran gushing down his withered face, and he aye blew his nose on his clean calendered pocket-napkin. But, ye know, the thing was absurd to suppose that we should know any inkling about the matter, having never seen him or his daughter between the een before, and not kenning them by headmark: so, though we sympathized with him, as folks ought to do with a fellow-creature in affliction, we thought it best to hold our tongues, to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he went stumping at the other side, determined, he said, to find them out, though he should follow them to the world's end, Johnny Groat's house, or something to that effect.

Hardly was his back turned, and almost before ye could cry Jack Robison, in comes the birkie and the very young lady the old gentleman described, arm-and-arm together, smoodging and laughing like daft. Dog on it! it was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the crowd of folk, he put his arm round her waist, and called her his sweetheart, and love, and dearie, and darling, and every thing that is fine. If they had been courting in a close together on a Friday night, they could not have said more to one another, or gone greater lengths. I thought such shame to be an eye-witness to sic on-goings, that I was obliged at last to hold up my hat before my face, and look down; though, for all that, the young lad, to be such a blackguard as his conduct showed, was well enough faured, and had a good coat to his back, with double gilt buttons and fashionable lapels, to say little of a very well-made pair of buckskins, a thought the worse of the wear, to be sure, but which, if they had been well cleaned, would have looked almost as good as new. How they had come we never could learn, as we neither saw chaise nor gig; but, from his having spurs on his boots, it is more than likely that they had lighted at the back-door of the barn from a horse, she riding on a pad behind him, maybe, with her hand round his waist.

The father looked to be a rich old bool, both from his manner of speaking, and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension of his daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the

spuilzie, it would not be a great deal, a thousand pounds, when divided. Still it was worth the looking after: so we just bidit a wee.

Things were brought to a bearing, howsoever, sooner than either themselves, I dare say, or anybody else present, seemed to have the least glimpse of: for, just in the middle of their fine goings-on, the sound of a coming foot was heard; and the lassie, taking guilt to her, cried out, "Hide me, hide me, for the sake of goodness! for yonder comes my old father!"

No sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closet; and, after shutting the door on her, he sat down upon a chair, pretending to be asleep, in the twinkling of a walking-stick. The old father came bouncing in; and, seeing the fellow as sound as a top, he ran forward and gave him such a shake as if he would have shooken him all sundry; which soon made him open his eyes as fast as he had steeked them. After blackguarding the chield at no allowance, cursing him up hill and down dale, and calling him by every name but a gentleman, he held his staff over his crown, and, gripping him by the cuff of the neck, asked him, in a fierce tone, what he had made of his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever see such brazen-faced impudence! The rascal had the brass to say at once, that he had not seen word or wittens of the lassie for a month, though more than a hundred folk sitting in his company had beheld him dauting her with his arm round her jimpy waist not five minutes before. As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised; for I aye hated lying as a poor cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the Ten Commandments; and I found my neighbor, Mr. Glen, fidgeting on the seat as well as me. So I thought that whoever spoke first would have the best right to be entitled to the reward: whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth, saying, "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman; dinna believe him, friend: he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month! It 's no worth arguing, or calling witnesses: just open that press-door, and ye'll see whether I 'm speaking truth or not!"

The old man stared, and looked dumfoundered; and the young one, instead of running forward with his double nieves to strike me, the only thing I was feared for, began a-laughing, as if I had done him a good turn. But never

since I had a being did I ever witness such an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The whole house was so glad that the scoundrel had been exposed, that they set up siccan a roar of laughter, and thumped away at siccan a rate at the boards with their feet, that at long and last, with pushing and fidgeting, clapping their hands, and holding their sides, down fell the place they call the gallery, all the folk in't being hurled topsy-turvy, headforemost, among the sawdust on the floor below; their guffawing soon being turned to howling, each one crying louder than another at the top note of their voices, "Murder! murder! hold off me! murder! my ribs are in! murder! I'm killed! I'm speechless!" and other lamentations to that effect: so that a rush to the door took place, in the which every thing was overturned; the door-keeper being wheeled away like wildfire; the furms stramped to pieces; the lights knocked out; and the two blind fiddlers dung headforemost over the stage, the bass-fiddle cracking like thunder at every bruise. Such tearing and swearing, and tumbling and squealing, was never witnessed in the memory of man since the building of Babel; legs being likely to be broken, sides staved in, eyes knocked out, and lives lost, — there being only one door, and that a small one: so that, when we had been carried off our feet that length, my wind was fairly gone; and a sick dwalm came over me, lights of all manner of colors, red, blue, green, and orange, dancing before me, that entirely deprived me of common sense; till, on opening my eyes in the dark, I found myself leaning with my broadside against the wall on the opposite side of the close. It was some time before I minded what had happened: so, dreading skaith, I found first the one arm, and then the other, to see if they were broken; syne my head; and finally both of my legs; but all, as well as I could discover, was skin-whole and scart-free. On perceiving this, my joy was without bounds, having a great notion that I had been killed on the spot. So I reached round my hand very thankfully to take out my pocket-napkin, to give my brow a wipe, when, lo and behold! the tail of my Sunday's coat was fairly off and away, docked by the hainch buttons.

So much for plays and play-actors, — the first and last, I trust in grace, that I shall ever see. But indeed I could expect no better, after the warning that Maister Wiggie had more than once given us from the pulpit on the subject.

Instead, therefore, of getting my grand reward for finding the old man's daughter, the whole covey of them, no better than a set of swindlers, took leg-bail, and made that very night a moonlight flitting; and Johnny Hammer, honest man, that had wrought from sunrise to sunset for two days, fitting up their place by contract, instead of being well paid for his trouble, as he deserved, got nothing left him but a ruckle of his own good deals, all dung to shivers.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me. I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head!
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you!
You might make her look all mended; but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf!
Now, nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy! You'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon, — I was playing out in the yard, —
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it:
But I said to myself, "Oh! never mind; I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it now; and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit!

But, since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course.
We will take my little wagon, nurse; and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind, and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see, —
This dear little box, — and we'll bury her then under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone like the one he made for my bird:
And he'll put what I tell him on it; yes, every single word.
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead:
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

A CHARGE WITH PRINCE RUPERT.

It is Sunday morning, June 18, 1643. The early church-bells are ringing over all Oxfordshire, — dying away in the soft air, among the sunny English hills, while Englishmen are drawing near one another with hatred in their hearts, — dying away, as on that other Sunday, eight months ago, when Baxter, preaching near Edgehill, heard the sounds of battle, and disturbed the rest of his saints by exclaiming, "To the fight!" But here are no warrior-preachers; no bishops praying in surplices on the one side, no dark-robed divines preaching on horseback on the other; no king in glittering armor; no Tutor Harvey in peaceful meditation beneath a hedge, pondering on the circulation of the blood, with hotter blood flowing so near him: all these were to be seen at Edgehill, but not here. This smaller skirmish rather turns our thoughts to Cisatlantic associations: its date suggests Bunker's Hill; and its circumstances, Lexington. For this also is a marauding party, with a Percy among its officers, brought to a stand by a half-armed and an angry peasantry.

Rupert sends his infantry forward to secure the bridge, and a sufficient body of dragoons to line the mile and a half of road between; the remainder of the troops being drawn up at the entrance of a cornfield several hundred acres in extent, and lying between the villages and the hills. The Puritans take a long circuit, endeavoring to get to windward of their formidable enemy, — a point judged as important, during the seventeenth century, in a land fight as in a naval engagement. The Roundhead dragoons, dismounted, line a hedge near the Cavaliers, and plant their "swine-feathers." Under cover of their fire the horse advance in line, matches burning. As they advance, one or two dash forward at risk of their lives, flinging off the orange scarfs which alone distinguish them, in token that they desert to the royal cause. Prince Rupert falls back into the lane a little to lead the other forces into his ambush of dragoons. These tactics do not come naturally to him, however; nor does he like the practice of the time, — that two bodies of cavalry should ride up within pistol-shot of each other, and exchange a volley before they charge. He rather anticipates, in his style of operations, the famous order of Frederick the Great: "The king hereby forbids

all officers of cavalry, on pain of being broke with ignominy, ever to allow themselves to be attacked in any action by the enemy; but the Prussians must always attack them." Accordingly, he restrains himself for a little while, chafing beneath the delay; and then, a soldier or two being suddenly struck down by the fire, he exclaims, "Yea! this insolency is not to be endured." The moment is come.

"God and Queen Mary!" shouts Rupert. "Charge!" In one instant that motionless mass becomes a flood of lava. Down in one terrible sweep it comes, silence behind it, and despair before. No one notices the beauty of that brilliant chivalrous array. All else is merged in the fury of the wild gallop. Spurs are deep, reins free, blades grasped, heads bent. The excited horse feels the heel no more than he feels the hand. The uneven ground breaks their ranks: no matter; they feel that they can ride down the world. Rupert first clears the hedge (he is always first); then comes the captain of his life-guard; then the whole troop "jumble after them," in a spectator's piquant phrase. The dismounted Puritan dragoons break from the hedges, and scatter for their lives: but the cavalry "bear the charge better than they have done since Worcester," — that is, now they stand it an instant; then they did not stand it at all. The prince takes them in flank, and breaks them in pieces at the first encounter: the very wind of the charge shatters them. Horse and foot, carbines and petronels, swords and pole-axes, are mingled in one struggling mass. Rupert and his men seem refreshed, not exhausted, by the weary night: they seem incapable of fatigue. They spike the guns as they cut down the gunners; and, if any escape, it is because many in both armies wear the same red scarfs. One Puritan, surrounded by the enemy, shows such desperate daring, that Rupert bids release him at last, and sends afterwards to Essex to ask his name. One Cavalier bends with a wild oath to search the pockets of a slain enemy: it is his own brother! O'Neal slays a standard-bearer, and thus restores to his company the right to bear a flag, — a right they lost at Hopton Heath. Legge is taken prisoner, and escapes. Urry proves himself no coward, though a renegade, and is trusted to bear to Oxford the news of the victory, being raised to knighthood in return.

AN IRISH WAKE.

TIM SCANLIAN, while he lived, was only a laboring-man; but he was well liked in the country, and it was expected that his funeral would be an unusually large gathering. Crowds flocked to the wake; and a great provision of tea, whiskey, pipes, and tobacco, had been made. The widow occupied her post of honor at the head of the coffin, and displayed a fair show of grief, joining in with vociferous weeping whenever the "keening" was led by the older women. She was young enough to have been the dead man's daughter, having come to his house a "slip" of a servant-girl, whom he had married, and ruled over very masterfully.

As the night wore on, the whiskey began to tell on those outside the room where the corpse lay. The noise increased, and soon apparently became loud enough to "wake the dead," as the saying is; for, to the consternation and amazement of every one present, the defunct, after a deep sigh and sundry groans, opened his eyes, and struggled up into a sitting posture! When the startled company had recovered from the shock, poor Tim was lifted out of the coffin; whiskey was liberally poured down his throat; and well wrapped up in blankets, and seated in the big chair by the fire, he gradually revived from the trance or stupor that had been mistaken for death. The last of the guests had departed from the cabin; and Tim, still propped up before the fire, was left to the care of his wife. Instead of coming near him, however, she slunk off, cringing timidly away into a dark corner behind his chair, whence she directed frightened glances at her resuscitated spouse.

"Mary!" said the man in a stern voice.

No answer.

"Are you there?" peering round, his face quivering with anger and weakness.

"Yes, Tim, I'm here," faltered Mary, without stirring.

"Bring me my stick!"

"Ah, no, Tim! — no! Sure you never rose yer hand to me yet! And 'tisn't now, when you're all as one as come back from the dead, that" —

"Bring me my stick!"

The stick was brought, and down on her knees beside the big chair flopped the cowering wife.

"Well you know what you desarve! Well you know, you young thief o' the world, that, if I was to take and beat you this blessed minute as black as a mourning-coach, 'twould be only sarving you right, after the mean, dirty, shameful turn you've done me!"

"It would, it would!" sobbed the girl.

"Look here!" gasped Tim, opening his breast, and showing an old tattered shirt. "Look at thim rags! Look at what you dressed up me poor corpse in, shaming me before all the dacent neighbors at the wake! an' you knowing as well as I did about the elegant brand-new shirt I'd bought o' purpose for my berrin; a shirt I wouldn't have put on my living back, — no, not if I had gone naked in my skin! You knew I had it there in my chest laid up; and you grudged it to my unfortunate carcass, when I couldn't spake up for myself!"

"O Tim, darlin', forgive me!" cried Mary. "Forgive me this once, and on my two knees I promise never, never to do the likes again! I don't know what came over me at all. Sure I think the divil — Lord save us! — must have been at my elbow when I went to get out the shirt, tempting me, and whispering that it was a pity and a sin to put good linen like that into clay. Oh! how could I do it at all?"

"Now hearken to me, Mary;" and Tim raised the stick, and laid it on her shoulder. She knew he wouldn't beat her, even if he could with his trembling hands; but she pretended to wince and cower away. "Mind what I say: as sure as you do me the like turn again, and go for to dress me in those undacent rags, I tell you what I'll do, — I'll *walk!*"

"Oh, don't, Tim, don't!" shrieked Mary, as pale as ashes. "Murther me now, if it's plazing to you, or do any thing to me you like; but, for the love of the blessed Vargin and all the saints, keep in yer grave! I'll put the new shirt on you: my two hands'll starch it, and make it up as white as snow, after lying by so long in the old chest. Yer corpse will look lovely, niver fear! — and I'll give you the grandest wake that iver man had, even if I have to sell the pig, and part with every stick in the cabin, to buy the tay and the whiskey. I swear to you I will, darlin'. There's my hand on it this blessed night!"

"Well, mind you do, or 'twill be worse for you. And

now give me a drop of wather to drink, and put a taste of sperrits through it; for I'm like to faint with thirst and weakness."

Mary kept her promise; for such a wake was never remembered as Tim Scanlian's, when, soon after, the poor man really did depart this life; and the "get-up" of the "elegant brand-new shirt" in which the corpse was arrayed was the admiration of all beholders.

THE HONEST DEACON.

AN OLD STORY IN RHYME.

An honest man was Deacon Ray;
And, though a Christian good,
He had one fault, — the love of drink;
For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too,
He would at dinner-time
Indulge to quite a great extent
In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side,
The deacon had his pew:
Another worthy, Squire Lee,
He had a seat there too.

One Sunday, the sermon done,
The parson said he'd talk
In language plain, that afternoon,
Of sins within their flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch
If he should be severe.
Each thought his neighbor'd get dressed down:
So all turned out to hear.

The church at early hour was full:
The deacon, some behind,
Came in quite late; for he had been
Indulging in his wine.

And up the long and broad aisle
He stiffly tottered on;
And, by the time he'd reached his seat,
The sermon had begun.

The parson of transgressors spoke,
And of the wrath to flee;
And soon he to the query came, —
"The drunkard — where is he?"

A pause; and then the deacon rose,
And answered like a man,
Though with a hiccup in his voice, —
"Here, parson — hic — 'ere I am."

Of course the consternation
Was great on every side;
For who'd have thought the deacon
Would thus aptly have replied?

The preacher, not the least disturbed,
With his remarks kept on,
And warned him to forsake his ways:
The deacon then sat down.

'Twas soon another question came,
With no more welcome sound, —
"Where is the wicked hypocrite?"
This made them all turn round.

Some looked at this one, some at that,
As if they would inquire
Who 'twas the parson meant:
His eyes were on the squire.

The deacon, noting how things stood,
Turned round and spoke to Lee, —
"Come, squire — hic — come, you get up:
I did when he called on me."

TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something; but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense; but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times: it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power; tact is skill: talent is weight; tact is momentum: talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it: talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected: talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned; while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its sucessful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly; but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench; but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact, triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster: tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing; tact is sure of abundance of hearers: talent may obtain a living; tact will make one: talent gets a good name; tact, a great one: talent convinces; tact converts: talent is an honor to the profession; tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight; tact finds its

way: talent commands; tact is obeyed: talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house; but tact wins its heart, and has its votes: talent is fit for employment; but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

THE TWO GLASSES.

THERE sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim:
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother, —
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king; for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue, and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.

"Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver frail,
And set the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;

For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall;
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho, ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of kings dethroned, or a murdered host:
But I can tell of hearts, that once were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, and brows I've laved,
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley; dashed down the mountain;
Danced and sported in the sparkling fountain;
Slept in the sunshine, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free;
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother—
As they sat together filled to the brim
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven;

Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That, unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40:
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days:

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done,
And, as soon as his money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me, and started.
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone.
For, my dear, I was childish and timid:
And braver ones might well have feared;
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride;
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried

As I thought of the long dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And, when the night came with its terrors,
To hide every ray of light
I hung up a quilt by the window;
And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred;
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up, dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And, when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution, —
Would come without warning, and still.
Then the sounds, coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay;
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching:
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door;
When quickly I undid the fastenings,
And in stepped a boy; and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.

Then I started back, scared at my boldness;
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds where he'd gone:
And I said to the rest of our people,—
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome;
And, though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path, and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And, shouldering my axe, I'll away."
I dropped in a chair, and near fainted,
Just at thought of his leaving me then;
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there, and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been;
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen:
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through;
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow, and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music
Unless there is whistling in heaven?

Yes, often I've said so in earnest;
And now what I've said I repeat,—
That, unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress: he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command: and in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him towards a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party has volunteered for the service: there is a cry for somebody to head them. You see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward: in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke. For one half-hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife,—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that:* for distinctions of order perish; ranks are confounded; "high" and "low" are words without a meaning; and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer, — who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face, — the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever. As one who recovers a brother whom he had accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer, — that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it."

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

Mine cracious! mine cracious! shust look here und see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe!
Der beoples all dink dot no prains I haf got;
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot:

Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine;
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass of peer;
Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck;
A mout dot goes most to der pack off his neck;
Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
To gif sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise.
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English too;
Says "Mamma" und "Papa," und somedimes "Ah, goo!"
You don'd find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor ofer, und drows dings aboudt,
Und poots eferyding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible sckare.
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell, —
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes:
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oup at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas going to pe men,
Und all of dese droubles vill peen ofer den:
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshtead off a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oup at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell, vell, ven I'm feeble, und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine!

THE AMATEUR SPELLING-MATCH.

Since spelling-matches everywhere
O'er all the land abound,
Why should not we, too, "do and dare"?
I will the words propound,
And you the "favored scholar" be,
As Rogers' group suggests.
With what a wealth of poetry
The subject he invests!

Spell "spoons." "What! such a word!" you say;
"But fit for kitchen school;
Or in New Orleans, far away,
When under Butler's rule!"
Fie, fie! should social science come,
Or scurvy politics,
To mar our peace with brutal bomb?
Away with all such tricks!

There! Please go on. "S"—oh the sound
Through lips that sweetly smile,
Like sibilant waters unprofound
That aimless hours beguile
On pebbly beaches! "P"—more staid
The smile now on the lips,
As though love's sun that warmed the maid
Was partly 'neath eclipse.

"Double o"—through parting lips that breaks,
Like gurgling rill half held
'Tween walling rocks and tent-like brakes,
And wonder semi-knelled
Through circling lips. "N"—here again
The semi-smile that played
Athwart your lips so sweetly when
The "s" you first essayed.

"S"—ah! the smile is here again!
Oh, sweet, thou letter "s"!
You 'mind me of that moment when
A tremulous little "Yes"

From selfsame lips a day in eld
My being thrilled with joy,
When clouds of doubt were quick dispelled,
And life lost all alloy.

"Quite right," I said; "but why this waste
Of letters, since with two
It can be spelled with greater haste,
More truth, and less ado?" —
"Oh, fie! S, p, double o, n, s,
Spells 'spoons:' you needn't try
To spell the word with any less." —
"Yes, dear; two, — '*u* and *I*.'"

WHY BIDDY AND PAT GOT MARRIED.

"Oh, why did you marry him, Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for your spouse?
Sure, he's neither purty nor witty;
And his hair is as red as a cow's.
You might had your pick, had you waited:
You'd done a dale better with Tim;
And Phelim O'Toole was expectin';
You couldn't do better, nor him.
You talk of us young people courtin':
Pray tell how your courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, you see, was acquainted
Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was a courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah;
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat:
He had not the instinct of some one;
But no one had then told him that.
But he soon found it out for himself, —
For life at best's but a span, —
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah;
And, when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman one woman could be.
She went out like the snuff of a candle:
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together;
It was such a comfort to him!
I was not alone in my weeping;
Our tears in the same channel ran:
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married;
And, before the long twelvemonth had flown,
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone.
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and Master Dan;
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

ART MATTERS IN INDIANA.

They were the last Italians of the year. It was not the balm of their own far-off Apennines they carried about their garments, it is true; but then they did not have a hand-organ and a sore-eyed monkey, — for which praise God, from whom all blessings flow! — but were professors of a higher art. There were three or four of them, and they came to Aurora a few days ago to supply the market with plaster-of-Paris images. They secured a small room, and began in a humble way to manufacture and sell their wares.

A visit to a workshop like theirs, where we see the insensate clay wrought so cunningly into the form of man and

beast, recalls the days of the old master, when we used to mould spit-balls, and throw them against the blackboard. They prepare their own composition, and whittle out the figures with a jack-knife. If sober, an artist can whittle a good dog from the rough, and spot him with green and yellow paint, in fifteen minutes. To make an acceptable Greek Slave, bow-legged and afflicted with curvature of the spine, requires more time, of course.

They make figures a great deal faster than they sell them, for the reason that the people of Aurora are not of æsthetic tastes, and care more about returning-boards, canvassing-committees, and the price of hogs, than they do about painting and sculpture. The Italians did not understand the real cause of their depressed trade. They thought to increase business by employing a salesman who knew all about our language and customs. "Uncle Billy," an aged negro who lives next door to their studio, first excited their admiration, and finally won the love of their hearts, by his well-known conversational powers. They knew at once that he was the man for the place. Having been merely hanging to the skirts of business of late years, — sawing wood and whitewashing a little, — he readily entered into a contract to peddle the images on the streets. Uncle Billy proposed to carry the figures in a bag. The Italians had never offered them in that way to the art-patrons of Rome, and explained to him that it would not do. They fitted him up with a cellar-door on his head, after the style in vogue in their own sunny land, and, placing the images upon it, started him out. He had an excellent assortment of goods. Michael Angelo was there, standing beside a sky-blue pup with red tail and blue ears; Cupid, with a double-barrelled shot-gun, was taking deadly aim at the stomach of Mars; Columbus was on hand, like a sore finger, peering into the distance after dry land; there were dogs that would have passed equally well for hogs or sheep; and the angel leading forth St. Peter.

With this exhibit of Grecian and Roman mythology, history, poetry, &c., Uncle Billy turned into Main Street. He did not manage the board with any particular grace or skill: indeed, it required great exertion on his part to hold it on his head at all, and keep it from bumping against the heads of other people. With a gravity befitting his newly-found position, he passed along the street, loudly calling attention to his merchandise.

"Cl'ar de track, ladies and gen'l'men, fo' de ol'est sho' now trablin'. Heah I is, jes' from Italy, wid a Congress of Nations, an' a Centennial Exhibition on wheels, an' no mistake. I is captain an' mate of dis new an' elegant side-wheel steamah, an' any thing on de hurricane roof goes fo' de 'nificant sum ob fifteen cents. If you don't see what you want, ask fo' it. No trouble to sho' goods. Heah we hab Nepolean Bonepa't crossin' de Delewah; Christofah Columbus de Great; Mars Ben Butler; de beautiful an' accomplished Miss Venus; de Rose of Sharon, an' de Lily of de Valley. Fifteen cents am de price ob 'mission, an' one ticket 'mits you to all de tents. I is done, gone right down to de bottom figgah, an' no foolin'. White folks, you heah what I seys, an' you want to ante up wid de doocats."

"Oh, pull down your vest!" yelled a boy from the other side of the street.

Uncle Billy turned around to administer a rebuke; and, in doing so, the board on his head jostled violently against a pile of goods-boxes. There was a tremendous rattling of the plaster images as they toppled over one upon another.

Something told Billy that dire confusion existed among his statuary.

The information was correct. Jupiter, Jove, Marie Louise, Ben Butler, and the good Queen Bess, were lying together in a very questionable fashion.

Said Uncle Billy, as he held the board firmly on his head to prevent further disaster, —

"I bet a million dollahs dat de berry old scratch is to pay up dar 'mong my gods and chicken fixin's."

No takers.

Then addressing himself in a loud tone of voice to the opposite sidewalk, —

"An' all on 'count of dat low-flung chile dat hollah 'Pull down yo' vest!' Jes' wait till I kotch you, honey, an' you bet yo' sweet life dis niggah pull down yo' vest cl'ar down to de groun'. If 't wa'n't dat I'se got too much respec' fo' George Washington, de Lord of hosts, an' a few mo' good people in my head, I'd broke eb'ry blam' bone in yo' body right hyar. Now, yo' heah yo' ole uncle quote Shakspeah!"

He turned carefully around then, and started back to the manufactory for repairs; only remarking, —

"Dey's some child'en in dis town dat hadn't ought to hab a mouffful to eat fo' de nex' fo' hund'ed yeahs!"

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to pa from the photograph-man where I sat, —
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee,—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go: sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

THE FLOOD AND THE ARK.

A HARD-SHELL METHODIST SERMON ON NATURE.

In the autumn of 1830 I attended a Methodist camp-meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe.

The speaker had just been licensed, and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet-headed, of a fair, sandy complexion; and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty. He was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life, and had gotten as far as the history of Noah, the ark, the flood, &c. Besides, "just before his conversion, he had been reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater;' and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the Sperit, had led him into a

powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work-bench, day in and day out.'' The text was, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of man be;" and he broke out in the following strain: —

"Yes, my brethren, the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what is as big as a house-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat upon the size of the tree-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the hippopotamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has a g-r-e-a-t horn-ah a-stickin' right straight up out of his forward-ah, six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretherin, that ill-contrived reptile of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, whose fore-legs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of 'em-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the hithe of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Ham, and there was Shem, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the zebra, my bretherin-ah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has three hundred stripes a-runnin' right straight around his body-ah, more or less, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"Then there was the anaconder-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sarpint of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can swallow six oxens at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don't call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the

floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the lion, bretherin-ah, what is the king of beasts, accordin' to Scripter-ah, and who, as St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin' devil-ah, a-seekin' if he can't catch somebody-ah; all-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the antelope-ah, my bretherin, that frisky little critter-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can jump seventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs will take him that fur-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"But time would fail me, my bretherin, to describe all the animals that went into the ark-ah. Your patience and my strength would give out before I got half through-ah. We talk, my bretherin, about the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job-ah; but it strikes me they didn't go much ahead of old Noer-ah. It tuck a right smart chance o' both to gether up all that gopher-wood and pitch and other truck for to build that craft-ah. I am a sort of carpenter myself, and have some idea of the job-ah. But to hammer and saw and maul and split away on that one thing a hundred and twenty year-ah, an' lookin' and lookin' for his pay in another world-ah, — I tell ye, my bretherin, if the Lord had a-sot Job at that, it's my opinion he would a-tuck his wife's advice inside of fifty year-ah. Besides, no doubt his righteous soul was vexed every day, hand runnin', with the filthy communications of the blasphemious set that was always a-loaferin' and a-saunterin' around-ah, a-pickin' up his tools and a-misplacin' 'em, and a-callin' him an old fool or somethin' worse-ah. And, to clap the climax, he was a preacher, and had that ongodly gineration on his hands every Sunday-ah. But the Lord stood by him, and seed him through the job-ah; and, when every thing was ready, he didn't send Noer out to scrimmage an' scour and hunt all over the wide world for to git up the critters and varmonts that he wanted saved-ah. They all come to his hand of their own accord, and Noer only had to head 'em in and fix 'em around in their places-

ah. Then he gethered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was open-ah.

"But, my bretherin, Noer-ah had use for patience after this-ah. Think what a time he must a-had a-feedin' and a-waterin' and a-cleanin' out after sich a crowd-ah! Some of 'em, according to Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater'-ah, was carnivorious, and wanted fresh meat-ah; and some was herbivorious, and wanted vegetable food-ah; and some was wormivorious, and swallowed live things whole-ah; and he had to feed every thing accordin' to his nater. Hence we view, my bretherin-ah, as the nater of the animals wasn't altered by goin' into the ark-ah, some of 'em would roar, and howl, and bark, and bray, and squeal, and blat, the whole indurin' night-ah, a-drivin' sleep from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelets-ah; and at the first streak o' daylight the last hoof of 'em would set up a noise accordin' to his nater-ah, and the bulls of Bashan wer'n't nowhar-ah. I've often wondered how their women stood it. Scripter is silent on this pint-ah; but I think I know of some that would a-been vapory and nervious under sich circumstances-ah, and in an unguarded moment might a-said somethin' besides their prayers-ah.

"My bretherin, one more word for old Noer-ah, and I will draw to a close-ah. After the out-beatin' time he had, first and last, for so many hundred year-ah, if he did, by accident or otherwise, take a leetle too much wine on one occasion-ah, I think less ort to a-been said about it-ah. Besides, I think he was entitled to one spree-ah, as he made the wine hisself; and, accordin' to Scripter, it makes glad the heart o' man-ah.

"My bretherin, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the coming of the Son of man be-ah. The world will never be drowned agin-ah. It will be sot a-fire, and burnt up, root and branch, with a fervient heat-ah. Oh! what will wretched, ondone sinners do on that orful day-ah? They will be put to their wits' end, and knock and straddle around in every direction-ah; for all at onct, my bretherin-ah, they will behold the heavens a-darkenin'-ah, the seas a-roarin'-ah, the tombs a-bustin'-ah, the mountains a-meltin'-ah; and every thing, I think, will be in a confused and onsettled state."

NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN.

[Read by Charles Dudley Warner at the memorial service in honor of Samuel Bowles.]

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends: —

Farewell, friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers:
Yet I smile, and whisper this, —
I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears, and let it lie:
It *was* mine; it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting;
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What we lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear:
'Tis an empty sea-shell, — one
Out of which the pearl has gone.
The shell is broken; it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury, —
A mind that loved him: let it lie.
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends.
Yet ye weep, my erring friends;
While the man whom you call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity,
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! but not farewell!
Where I am ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have slept,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is nought.
Weep a while, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain,—
Only not at death; for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.
La il Allah! Allah la!
O love divine! O love alway!

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

BALLAD OF A BAKER.

Joe Brown he was a baker-man;
A baker-man was Joe:
He ne'er was known to want for aught,
And yet he kneaded dough.

And he was rugged, hearty too,
And had a long life leased;
And all because he rose up with
His early rising yeast.

To never cheat his customers
This man was early taught;
And yet his loaves were always light,
His pie-crust rather short.

And he was generous-hearted too,
And kind unto the needy;
And neat and tasty in his dress,
Although his cakes were seedy.

With him none dared to bandy jokes
Whene'er he sought the marts;
For well they knew his repartees
Were sharper than his tarts.

His skill was also very great
In getting up a muffin;
His pastry filled the mouths of all,
And needs no further puffin'.

'Tis said he was a temperance man:
If so, I can't tell why
He mixed with wheat, and corn-meal too,
A trifle of the rye.

When age at last o'ertook the man,
His form grew bent and sore;
And, like the cake he used to bake,
His head was frosted o'er.

And, when he died, all mourned his loss
With no sectarian bias;
For he had been a friend to all,
A good man and a pie-ous.

HIS EPITAPH.

Beneath this crust of upheaved earth
A well-bred baker lies;
And, like the rolls he used to mould,
We hope at last he'll rise.

FIVE.

"BUT a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! —
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know,
(You said it yourself; you told me so,)
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies.
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count: one, two, three, four, —
Four whole weeks, and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow, —

Autumn and winter, summer and spring:
Oh for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting, — my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head;
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose:
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait.
The years may be long; but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare:
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."

"Ah! life is not long," he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! —
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is as short as a summer night:
How long, O God! is eternity?"

UNCLE REMUS' REVIVAL HYMN.

Oh! whar shall we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' uv de trumpet and de bangin' uv de drums?
How many po' sinners'll be cotched out late,
An' fine no latch to de goldin gate!
No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer!
De sun mus'n't set on yo' sorrer:
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier:
O Lord, fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns uv de earf is a-stannin' all aroun',
Whose a-gwine ter be chosen fer ter wear de glory crown?
Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol',
An' answer to dere name at de callin' uv de roll?

You better come now ef you comin':
Old Satan is loose an' a-bummin':
De wheels uv distrucshin am a-hummin':
Oh, come along, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song uv salvation is a mighty sweet song;
An' de Paradise win' blow fur, an' blow strong;
An' Aberham's buzzum is saf' an' it's wide,
An' dat's de place whar de sinner oughter hide!
No use ter be stoppin' an' a-lookin':
Ef you fool wid Satan, you'll git took in:
You'll hang on de edge, an' git shook in,
Ef you keep on a-stoppin' an a-lookin'.

De time is right now, an' dis here's de place:
Let de salvashun sun shine squar' in yo' face.
Fight de battles uv the Lord, fight soon an' fight late,
An' you'll allers fine a latch on de goldin gate.
No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer!
De sun mus'n't set on yo' sorrer:
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier:
Ax de Lord fer to fetch you up higher.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

THEY had walked some distance, Mr. Pickwick trotting on before, plunged in profound meditation, and Sam following behind, with a countenance expressive of the most enviable and easy defiance of everything and everybody, when the latter, who was always especially anxious to impart to his master any exclusive information he possessed, quickened his pace until he was close at Mr. Pickwick's heels; and, pointing up at a house they were passing, said, —

"Wery nice pork-shop, that 'ere, sir."

"Yes, it seems so," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Celebrated sassage-factory," said Sam.

"Is it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Is it!" reiterated Sam with some indignation: "I should rayther think it was. Why, sir, bless your innocent eye-

brows, that's were the mysterious disappearance of a 'spectable tradesman took place four year ago."

"You don't mean to say he was burked, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, looking hastily round.

"No, I don't indeed, sir," replied Mr. Weller: "I wish I did. Far worse than that. He was the master o' that 'ere shop, sir, and the inwenter o' the patent-never-leavin'-off sassage steam-ingine, as 'ud swaller up a pavin'-stone if you put it too near, and grind it into sassages as easy as if it was a tender young babby. Wery proud o' that machine he was, as it was nat'ral he should be; and he'd stand down in the celler a-lookin' at it wen it was in full play, till he got quite melancholy with joy. A wery happy man he'd ha' been, sir, in the procession o' that 'ere ingine and two more lovely hinfants besides, if it hadn't been for his wife, who was a most owdacious wixen. She was always a-follerin' him about, and dinnin' in his ears, till at last he couldn't stand it no longer. 'I'll tell you what it is, my dear,' he says one day: 'if you persewere in this here sort of amusement,' he says, 'I'm blessed if I don't go away to 'Merriker; and that's all about it.'—'You're a idle willin,' says she, 'and I wish the 'Merrikins joy of their bargin.' Arter wich she keeps on abusin' of him for half an hour, and then runs into the little parlor behind the shop, sets to a-screamin', says he'll be the death on her, and falls in a fit, wich lasts for three good hours,—one o' them fits wich is all screamin' and kickin'. Well, next mornin' the husband was missin'. He hadn't taken nothin' from the till; hadn't even put on his great-coat: so it was quite clear he warn't gone to 'Merriker. Didn't come back next day; didn't come back next week. Missis had bills printed, sayin' that, if he'd come back, he should be forgiven every thin' (which was very liberal, seein' that he hadn't done nothin' at all); all the canals was dragged; and for two months artervards, wenever a body turned up, it was carried, as a reg'lar thing, straight off to the sassage-shop. Hows'ever, none on 'em answered: so they gave out that he'd run avay, and she kept on the bus'ness. One Saturday night a little thin old gen'l'm'n comes into the shop in a great passion, and says, 'Are you the missis o' this here shop?'—'Yes, I am,' says she. 'Well, ma'am.' says he, 'then I've just looked in to say that me and my family ain't a-goin' to be choked for nothin'; and more than that,

ma'am,' he says, 'you'll allow me to observe, that, as you don't use the primest parts of the meat in the manafacter o' sassages, I think you'd find beef come nearly as cheap as buttons.' — 'As buttons, sir!' says she. 'Buttons, ma'am,' says the little old gentleman, unfolding a bit of paper, and showin' twenty or thirty halves o' buttons. 'Nice seasonin' for sassages is trousers-buttons, ma'am!' — 'They're my husband's buttons!' says the widder, beginnin' to faint. 'What!' screams the little old gen'l'm'n, turning wery pale. 'I see it all!' says the widder: 'in a fit of temporary insanity, he rashly converted hisself into sassages!' And so he had, sir," said Mr. Weller, looking steadily into Mr. Pickwick's horror-stricken countenance, "or else he'd been draw'd into the ingine; but, however that might ha' been, the little old gen'l'm'n, who had been remarkably partial to sassages all his life, rushed out o' the shop in a wild state, and was never heerd on artervards."

AN INDIGNATION-MEETING.

Down in a quiet corner,
  Nestling at eventide,
Three little curly urchins
  All in a bunch I spied, —
Fred and Harry and Josie.
  'Twas really a funny sight, —
Three little heads together,
  Scolding with all their might.

Fred, chairman of the meeting: —
  "I'd really like to know
What makes the grown-up people
  Bother about us so!
Can't have a speck of comfort,
  Can't have a bit of fun,
But they're just sure to meddle,
  And spoil it 'fore it's done.

"To-day, when I brought my soldiers —
  Such a jolly pack of boys! —
For a charge though the parlor, Annie
  Cried out, 'What a dreadful noise!

Shoo, shoo! — you merry Vandals
Some other place must find.'
Oh! if we was only the big folks,
Wouldn't we make 'em mind!"

Then burst in speaker Harry,
With eyes and cheeks aflame: —
"Oh, wouldn't we fix the big folks!
I think it's just a shame!
To-day I took for a kite-tail
The first thing that I found, —
A shiny silk mantilla, —
And cut it all around, —

(Oh, it made a jolly streamer!)
When in walked sister Sue,
Dragged off the shiny tell-tail,
And dragged me with it too.
Oh, wasn't she mad! She whipped me
Hard, such as big folks fit.
But I wouldn't cry to please her:
I didn't care a bit."

"Of course," chimed in wee Josie,
"It's as mean as mean can be, —
The way these big-folks peoples
Act up with you and me.
Why, even when my baby,
My darlin' pussy, died,
Nobody made a fun'ral;
Nobody even cried.

"Nurse tucked it in the ash-box.
'Only a dead old cat!'
She cried. 'You silly Josie,
To snivel over that!'
I watched when she didn't see me;
I snatched it with all my might,
And buried my darlin' baby
Way out of the big folks' sight."

Down in the quiet corner,
Soberly side by side,
Later, three curly urchins,
Stretched full length, I spied.
Fred and Harry and Josie
A peaceful silence keep;
For the indignation-meeting
Had put them all to sleep.

SOMETHING SPILT.

BARNET'S boy left a sack of flour at Archibald's last evening. It was one of those evil-minded paper sacks that had a hundred pounds in it.

"Henry, won't you take that flour up in the garret?" said Mrs. A. persuasively after supper.

"Ain't it awful heavy?" and Henry looked at it apprehensively.

"If I was as big as you, I wouldn't talk about any thing being heavy."

"Big, eh? I like the big part of it. Who busted one of the West-Ward cars last summer, I'd like to know?"

"Old man, you look out now! we are not discussing street-cars. You just grab that sack, and I'll help you with a boost behind."

Henry persuaded the sack on a chair, and from the chair to the table. Then he leaned down, and pulled it over on his shoulder; but it came on him with such a rush, that it jammed him against the kitchen-door, nearly knocking the top of his head in.

"Where are you going?" screamed Mrs. A. as he staggered back, ramming her over the stove, stepping on the hired girl's corn and the dog's tail in one motion. "What are you kicking things around that way for, you benighted old idiot?"

"Why don't you grab hold of this thing, and steady it, afore it chases a fellow down the cellar? Blamed thing weighs about a ton!"

She grabbed the hind end of the sack, and steered Henry to the stairs. They were crooked, and he went up slowly

with caution. At the next turn something stopped him: the miserable sack had found a nail.

"What in sin are you pullin' back for?"

"Who's a-pullin' back? Go on, you bandy-legged imbecile, afore a person lifts their heart out helping you!"

Henry gave a jerk and a grunt. The bag came loose, and ten pounds of flour came down on Mrs. A.'s head.

"Whew!—phew!—merciful powers!" But she was too mad for language, and struck out wildly, hitting Henry just back of the knee, on the leg that had all the strain on it. That leg doubled up like a dissipated dishcloth. He reeled wildly a moment, and let go the sack, which immediately went down on top of Mrs. Archibald, precipitated her into the kitchen on top of the girl, who went backwards into the basket of clean clothes, at the same time nearly breaking the dog's back with her head. Henry just went backwards into a heap until his head struck the wall at the turn of the stairs; when he rolled over, and sat three steps up, feeling around for the place where his backbone came through with one hand, while he rubbed the flour and stars out of his eyes with the other.

"Old woman, didn't you spill something?" he meekly inquired.

"O you murderous villain!" and she fired the stove-lifter at him; which, with a woman's usual aim, went out at the window, and knocked over her pet lily.

"Old woman's getting mad, I guess!" and Henry scrambled up into the garret and bolted himself in, and leaned out at the end window, inflicting an hour-and-a-half joke on Oxtoby, next door, about the Russians being fond of poultry, because they were going to live on Turkey all summer.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS "'TIS BUT A STEP."

I STOOD upon the ocean's briny shore;
And, with a fragile reed, I wrote
Upon the sand,—
"Agnes, I love thee!"
The mad waves rolled by, and blotted out
The fair impression.

Frail reed! cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more;
But, with giant hand, I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write, —
"Agnes, I love thee!" —
And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out!

SCENE FROM "THE MARBLE HEART."

MARCO and RAPHAEL.

Raph. I have endured the sarcasms of Monsieur de Veaudore; the disavowal of your love; the reproaches and anger of my only friend, who insulted me in my last adieu. For your sake I have become a coward, a crawling, abject wretch, without heart, without mind, without shame. (*Throws himself into chair*, L., *and covers his face with his hands. A pause.* MARCO *pulls the bouquet to pieces.* RAPHAEL *raises his head, looks at her, and endeavors to speak with firmness.*) What did that man say to you? I have a right to ask.

Marco. (*Smiling in derision.*) Right!

Raph. Yes, Marco, the right of a man, who, knowing he is to die, would learn the time and manner of his death. He told you he loved you?

Marco. (*Carelessly.*) Perhaps he did: what then?

Raph. (*Violently.*) You accepted his love?

Marco. I will not answer you.

Raph. But you must! — you shall!

Marco. (*Disdainfully.*) Shall!

Raph. He offered you his hand? (*A pause.*) Speak, Marco, speak! in mercy let me know the worst!

Marco. He did.

Raph. And you accepted?

Marco. (*Coldly.*) Yes.

Raph. (*Greatly agitated.*) O Marco, Marco! (*Violently rising.*) You shall not marry him!

Marco. (*With contempt.*) Who shall prevent me?

Raph. (*With a burst of fury.*) The man you have wronged! (*Suddenly losing all command over himself, and throwing himself at her feet in an agony of grief.*) No, no! Pity, pity for the wretched maniac who cannot live without you — humanity — remorse —

Marco. (*Taking away her hand, and rising with contempt and rage.*) Remorse! I am weary of this persecution, these clamors, these maledictions. You think me a monster of falsehood, inconstant as the wind, perfidious as the ocean; the incarnation of caprice, selfishness, and cruelty? And why? Because I am too wise to rush headlong to ruin, and too proud to be pitied.

Raph. Pitied, Marco!

Marco. Yes (*vehemently*), pitied, insulted, and despised. Look at me now, surrounded with every luxury that art can invent, and gold can purchase. Everybody bows to me. I am a queen. Divest me of these gilded claims to the world's respect, and what am I? (*Bitterly.*) The dust, the friends who now follow my carriage, and fight for my smiles, will mock me, spurn me, and trample upon me.

Raph. Marco, Marco! in mercy —

Marco. I have known poverty, and have suffered such tortures in its hideous grasp that my heart sickens and my soul shudders at facing it again. You will perhaps laugh at my fear, and say there is happiness in poverty. (*Laughing in scorn.*) Yes, for those who are born to it; but to have known better days, and fall! Oh the misery, the heart-desolation, the despair! My father was rich and proud, the descendant of a noble family. He lived in splendor, and brought me up to despise every thing but wealth. He showed me its power: it surrounded him with friends and flatterers, and made life a perpetual summer. An evil day arrived: he speculated, and was reduced to his last crown. Where were his friends? (*Laughing in scorn, and speaking in a hoarse voice.*) They passed him in the street without recognition; they maligned, they despised, they forgot him. (*Sinks into a chair, sobbing, and wiping her eyes.*)

Raph. Forbear, Marco, forbear!

Marco. Ten years (oh, how long the days and months!)

we lived in poverty, — abject, squalid, starving poverty. I saw my father in the prime of his life grow old, decrepit, and insane. In his ravings he had but one thought, — "Money, money, money!" "Cling to it, my child," he would say to me with glaring eyes and grinding teeth, "cling to it, Marco, as you would to a raft in shipwreck: it is the all-in-all of our existence. See what the loss of it has brought to me! Let your heart be marble to *every thing* but gold, gold, gold!"

Raph. O misery!

Marco. My father died, and I was left dependent on the charity of my relations. (*With savage scorn.*) Charity! I wore their cast clothes, waited on their will, — their servant, their encumbrance, their hopeless slave. One happy day, Providence came to my relief: I was left a small fortune. (*Rising.*) From that moment I became a statue. The recollection of my days of misery extinguished the glowing impulses of my youth; and I lived on the surface of the world, mixing in all its gay pleasures, caressed and *fêted*, the idol of the hour, hating and despising the smiling monster, and devising means to secure my independence. A wealthy marriage was the only course: and for that I have devoted myself, heart and mind; for that I have been cruel, false, and pitiless; for that I am deaf to reproaches, dead to remorse. (*Sits.*)

Raph. (*In amazement.*) I hear you, Marco, and disbelieve my ears; I see you, and doubt my eyes. Those fearful words, those evil looks! — is it possible such hideousness can dwell in such a heavenly shrine? (*Growing gradually frantic.*) But I am glad, very glad, you have at last been candid with me: it relieves me from a world of sorrow; it rescues me from despair. Yet I hoped you had some regard for me, some little regret for — Ah, well! it was my accursed vanity. How could I ever hope to — (*Laughing hysterically, and speaking in a hoarse whisper.*) I, too, am a deception: I have pretended to devote to you my heart, my life, my soul. No such thing! I, too, wore a mask, — ha, ha, ha! When my eyes looked fondest, my heart was plotting treachery; when I swore you were my happiness, I felt you were my curse; when I vowed I could not live without you, I was devising means to break with you, — ha, ha, ha! We owe each other nothing; we are both demons: but the comedy is over now, and the actors have returned to their every-

day costumes and natures. I wish to be a gentleman, like Monsieur Veaudore. Mademoiselle Marco, I ask pardon for having annoyed you so long. I leave you to your pleasures. (*He endeavors to kiss her hand; but she recoils, alarmed by the wildness of his tone and looks.*) What do you fear? (*With a burst of maniac laughter.*) There is no venom on my lips: it is in my heart! (*Kisses her hand.*)

Marco. (*Alarmed, trying to pacify him.*) Come, come, Raphael! let us be friends.

Raph. (*With a vacant stare.*) Friends! — oh, yes! delighted! (*Bowing with cold politeness, in the manner of his first introduction.*) Mademoiselle Marco, I believe, — beautiful, very beautiful, but (*shaking his head mournfully*) false, false, fatally false! (*Sighing, and putting his hand to his head.*) Ah, yes! and now we are friends (*shaking both her hands, and looking at her earnestly*), — yes, yes, real friends; for we no longer love, no longer deceive each other.

Marco. Raphael!

Raph. We thought we were happy. (*Laughing.*) Vain delusion! we were breaking our hearts. (*With a sudden alteration of tone and countenance conveying that the recollection of his home had suddenly come to his mind.*) Yes, yes (*with a tremulous voice*); breaking our hearts. But we were not the only sufferers. No, no: there were other hearts breaking, others (*in an agony of suppressed grief*) I had forgotten. But my absence is desired, and some older friends claim my politeness. Adieu! (*Going.*)

Marco. You will call and see me sometimes in Paris?

Raph. (*Gayly bowing with affected politeness.*) You are very kind. But I fear I shall not often be able to profit by your politeness: for my work — you understand — it is necessary that I should repair the time I have lost; and besides, when I and the persons who reside with me have recovered our happiness, it would be indiscreet to revive recollections that might jeopardize it.

Marco. (*Coldly.*) Well, then, at least you'll try? (*Sits on sofa.*)

Raph. (*Suffocating with suppressed emotion.*) Yes, yes: I will try. (*Puts his hand hastily to his heart with an exclamation of acute pain.*)

Marco. (*Alarmed.*) Raphael!

Raph. (*After a violent effort to calm himself.*) 'Tis nothing! — 'tis nothing! (*Staggering to go off,* L.)

Marco. Are you going to Paris?

Raph. Yes, yes! — oh, yes! Don't you know — they are waiting for me.

Marco. Take my carriage.

Raph. (*With scorn.*) No, no (*with a maniac smile*): I shall walk, walk. (*Bitterly.*) Poverty should walk. The weather is superb (*endeavoring to be gay*) — and (*his forces nearly abandoning him*) — my heart — is so light — I — I (*staggering to table, and taking his hat*) — Adieu, Mademoiselle Marco, adieu (*faintly*) — adieu, adieu! (*Staggers off,* L.)

Marco. (*Rising from sofa, and looking after him with deep emotion.*) O Raphael, Raphael! my heart is not quite marble: no, no, not quite! *Falls back on sofa, covers her face with her handkerchief, and weeps.*)

Re-enter RAPHAEL.

Marco. (*With a smile, holding out her hand.*) Thank you for returning; thank you for not taking my follies in earnest: this goodness endears you to me more than ever. (RAPHAEL *stands fixed, looking at her with a cold, immovable countenance.*) You love me still? (*Trying to draw him to her.*) Yes, yes; I see you do; and you will pardon me! (*She is about to put her arm round his neck: he looks sternly at her, and repels her by extending his arms with an action of disdain.*) Oh! do not look at me thus: you frighten me —

Raph. (*With terrible calmness.*) Give me my portrait! (*Pointing to it on her neck.*)

Marco. Nay, I am sure —

Raph. (*Sternly.*) Give it me! (MARCO *gives it him.*) Don't be alarmed: it is only the painting I reclaim. (*Taking it from the frame.*) I leave you the diamonds. (*Gives back the frame and chain.*)

Marco. Raphael!

Raph. Marco, shall I tell you why for a moment you have love on your lips and in your eyes? 'Tis because you have learned, that, in recalling me, you could break another heart. The feeling which guided you was not the happiness of Raphael, but the despair of Marie. (MARCO *starts.*) Now adieu! But first give me your wreath.

Marco. My wreath?

Raph. (*Approaching.*) I would have it.

Marco. (*Recoiling alarmed.*) Are you mad?

Raph. (*Wildly.*) Take it off!—take it off! White roses are the symbols of purity: they make *you* hideous: they are only for the brows of innocence and truth. (*Tears the crown from her head, and dashes it on the ground.*)

THE SEVEN AGES.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden[1] and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern[2] instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

[1] Violent. [2] Trite, common.

A WATCH THAT "WANTED CLEANING."

I THINK I never saw a person who needed renewal of garments in a more pronounced degree than the gaunt individual I encountered a few weeks ago in Omaha. We met casually on the upland overlooking Council Bluffs, whither I had gone for a morning walk in that city of newness and hospitality. The man was sitting on the stump of a recently-beheaded tree, regarding a watch, which he now and then held up in a kind of hopeless manner, and listened to for a sign of life from its inner apartments. When he saw me approaching, he rose up and asked for "the time o' day." As I had only "Boston time," and that was of no use so far "out West," he sighed, again shook the unresponsive article in his hand, and spoke as follows: "This 'ere watch, stranger, 's a puzzler. Something's the matter with 'er. I've see a good-dle of trouble in my day, but nothin' at all like *this* afore. In my younger days I once had a personal difficulty with a bear; but that was fun compared to this affliction."

Noticing a settled grief on the poor fellow's soiled and sunken countenance, I sat down beside him on the ample resting-place he had chosen, and made inquiry as to the cause of his *untimely* sorrow. After a brief pause, he thus unburdened himself: "Stranger, if you was in the watch line, we'd have nothing to do with one another; but, as you ain't, I don't mind givin' you 'er history, which you'll allow is somewhat discouragin'. I bought 'er two months ago in *She*-cargo for sixteen dollars down and five dollars in poultry. I had 'er of a fine-lookin' man, who keeps jewillry on the sidewalk down by the Palmer House. He was a perfect gentleman in appearance, wore studs himself, and his conversation was high-toned. He said he was a member in reg'lar standin' of more'n fifty churches in various parts of the United States where he traded. He said he set his life by the watch, but *would* part with 'er if he was shore the man he sold 'er to was a moral man, and would take good care of 'er. He said she was wunst the property of a particular friend o' his'n, one o' the craowned heads o' Ure-up; but the king was obleeged to sell 'er on accaount of a change in his circumstarnces. He said there was more'n two hundred jewills in 'er which was invisible to the naked eye. Waal, to make a long story short, I negoshated for 'er on the

spot; and I 'member just as well as if 't was yisterday, he said she wouldn't warnt cleanin' ef I car'd 'er in mur pocket, keerful, for twenty year.

"So, ye see, I took 'er 'long to Rock Island on the Mississippi, where I live; but she seemed to go on the jump all the way daown. Waal, I carried 'er into Jason's one day, and asked *him* to give a look into 'er insides, and tell me, ef he could, what made 'er act so. He screwed *his* old glass into the right eye: and arter a while he laid 'er down on the caounter, and says he, 'She's a powerful good watch; but she *warnts cleanin'!*' When I heerd that, I was dumbfounded. Says I, 'She was cleaned all over last week.' Says he, 'That may be; but she's full o' dirt naow. It's dusty this fall,' says he, 'and some on it's got into *'er.*' Waal, I thought it all over, and said he might go to work on 'er next day; and he charged me tew dollars and fifty cents for cleanin' on 'er aout. Pooty soon I had to go off to Aurory, and she begun to act quair agin. So I took 'er into a watchmaker's there and asked him to fling *his* eye round, and see what ailed 'er. Waal, he did, for ez much as five minits: and then says he, 'She's a fust-rate watch; but she warnts cleanin'!' Says I (and I couldn't help gittin' riled then), 'She 's bin cleaned aout twice lately, and that's a fact.'—'Waal,' says he, 'I never seed a dirtier; and, if she ain't 'tended to double-quick, in twenty-four hours she'll bust of 'er own accord, and fly all to pieces, and never go agin.' This illarmed me, nat'rally; and so I told him to strip 'er, and go to work with his tooth-brush and things, and I'd pay him what was right. So he did; and he sot down on me for one seventy-five, and one fifty for what he called *inside-entle* expenses. Wall, she went ellygant all the way on to Milwaukee; but the fust night I got thar she begun to hitch and sputter to that extent, I run over to a watchmaker, early in the mornin', for assistance. Waal, he turned 'er over three or four times, and kind o' smiled at the rumblin' inside on 'er. Then he looked thoughtful, and pried 'er open. Says I, '*Enny thing serious?*' Says he,—and his reply run through me like a fawk,—says he, 'She's a *re*markable good timepiece; but she warnts *cleanin'!*' Waal, to make an end to mur story, I had 'er put through *his* mill, and some o' *his* ile slung into 'er. He said 'twas such a ugly job (I told him when he took 'er in hand to be careful o' the invisible jewills), that his bill would be four dollars and

ten cents; the ten cents bein' for fingerin' careful round the reubies and things. Waal, sir, she cut up agin last night; and I stepped in to Cross & Jones's, and asked their young man to ixamine 'er parts, and pronaounce upon her. Waal, he rubbed in *his* magnifying-glass, and screwtenized 'er: and says he, 'That's the most valuable watch I ever seed inside o' Omaha; but she warnts *cleanin'* most ——y!' When I heerd that, I expressed myself like a *dis*gusted night-hawk, and snatched 'er aout o' *his* hands, and brought 'er raound here to ponder over. What I wish to inquire is, stranger (and I ask for information), how many times a watch thet's full o' invisible jewills has to be cleaned aout in the course o' two months? I never owned one afore; but if the jewills *nee-sessiates* that expense, as I'm a pore man, hadn't I better have 'em punched aout, don't you think?"

And I advised him to have the "jewills" removed immediately, and sold in Europe for the most they would bring.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,—
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch:
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it *is* blessedness. A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day:
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped, —
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown!
If *I* could find a muddy little boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky, —
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head:
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
My little one, I used to kiss, is dead!

GOOD-BY.

BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

Out from the fields where daisies bloom,
Away from the blossoming clover;
Out from the old grove's shadowy gloom,
And the green trees arching over;
Away from lake and winding road,
And places we knew together,
Led by the hand of the same dear God,
Through fair, through stormy weather, —
You go to-day.

Into the whirl of city streets,
To action and to duty,
To lead, where love with labor meets,
A life of light and beauty;

Out from the hearts made desolate,
To hearts your coming brightens,
Till happiness seems the gift of fate,
And every burden lightens, —
You go to-day.

Yet as you go, in gladsome mind,
With nothing of regretfulness,
Let not the friends you leave behind
Be shrouded in forgetfulness.
God save you from less kindly hearts,
From friendships mean and hollow;
God shield you from all hostile arts,
And his rich blessing follow
With you to-day!

"ONE OF THE BOYS."

Lower the curtains, Jack, softly,
And light up the chandelier;
Stir up the fire there, lightly:
Now draw to my bedside here.
I've something to say at parting;
The shadows are stealing nigh:
So bow your head while I whisper,
And list to me ere I die.

Prop up the pillows, Jack, gently;
Then give me your hand in mine:
No chink of glittering glasses,
No flowing of amber wine.
I've got a few words to say, lad,
'Bout the times we two have seen,
When, filling the crystal goblets,
We drank to women, our queen.

Ah! many a night, old fellow,
As the time flew swift along,
We've flooded the air with laughter,
And filled the hours with song.

We've pledged our friends and our sweethearts,
  We've drank to our true loves' eyes, —
To the blue, the black, and the hazel, —
  Till stars faded from the skies.

We two have roamed home together
  Full many a morn, my lad,
Shouting the echoing chorus,
  Roistering, reckless, and glad.
We've tasted life's sweets together;
  We've drank at its springs of joy.
But, Jack, the curtain is falling:
  I'm dying to-night, my boy.

I lived, while I lived, for pleasure;
  I filled my cup to the brim;
Nor thought of the solemn shadows,
  The spectres and phantoms grim,
That waited beyond my vision,
  That cluster around me now,
That touch with their sable pinions
  My aching and fevered brow.

E'er true to the ties that bound us,
  Old friend, you alone are here,
Of all who joined us in revel,
  To watch 'mid the shadows drear.
Beyond, gay voices are ringing,
  And eyes gleam joyous and bright:
Say, Jack, do they know I'm dying
  Here in my chamber to-night?

As freely the red wine bubbles
  And foams in the crystal glass,
Do they give a thought, I wonder,
  To me as the hours pass?
Do they think, 'mid sparkling bumpers
  Of old Bourbon and old rye,
That I'm lying in the shadow?
  Do they toast me as I die?

Will they miss me at the banquet?
  Will they miss me, think you, Jack?
And upon the old times faded
  Will their eyes look kindly back?

Will they think of when we gathered
In the moonlight on the hills,
Drinking red wine and Catawba,
Careless, thoughtless of life's ills?

Ah, well! 'twas a fleeting pleasure,
The wine and the laughing eyes,
The blue, the black, and the hazel,
Where the luring love-lights rise.
For you, old chum, they are waiting:
From me they have flown away;
The nights on the gleaming hilltops
Have gone from my life for aye.

I've been thinking, Jack, old fellow,
That my days are gone to waste;
That my revels and carousings
Were the fruit of pampered taste.
Through all the years that have faded,
I never have known a care;
And now, as the death-gloom gathers,
I can't remember a prayer.

I've been nursing the hollow beauties;
I've cherished the fleeting joys:
My life has been spent in seeking
A bliss that burdens and cloys.
Past honors seem strangely barren
Of good, in my clouded sight;
And, Jack, the future looks misty
And dark as I die to-night.

Remember sometimes, old fellow,
Our friendship when I am dead,
When the bright-hued birds of summer
Sing sweetly above my head.
You'll think of our days together,
Of rollicking times now past:
But, Jack, don't "tie" to their glamor;
The shadows fall round at last.

Prop up the pillows, Jack, gently;
Then give me your hand in mine:
No chink of glittering glasses,
No flowing of amber wine.

We've tasted life's sweets together;
We've drank at its springs of joy.
But, Jack, the curtain is falling:
I'm dying to-night, my boy.

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city
Behind the dark church-tower:
I saw her bright reflections
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling,
And sinking into the sea.

And, in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon:
Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay;
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.

As sweeping and edging through them
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide,
And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh! how often,
In the days that have gone by,
I had stood on the bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that moon and sky!

How often, oh! how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me;
It is buried in the sea:
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Come the thoughts of other years;
And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro, —
The young heart hot and restless,
The old subdued and slow;
And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflections
And its shadows shall appear
As a symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

A RHINE LEGEND.

Red flashed the flickering torches' flame in the old baronial hall,
As round the board the vassals came at their feudal master's call:
Full twoscore stout retainers bold filled high their goblets bright,
And quaffed from out their cups of gold the rich red wine that night.

Loud rang the revel and the song, the laugh and bacchanal shout,
As the vivid lightnings flashed along, and the thunder pealed without:
For full three days the furious blast had beat on the castle wall,
And held the baron prisoner fast in his old ancestral hall.

High o'er the bright Rhine's flowing tide doth the grim old castle frown:
And the warder watches far and wide; from the turret looks he down.
"Fill high, my bold retainers true!" cries the baron all aloud:
"We'll drink, my men, till the skies are blue, and the heaven's without a cloud."

Cup clinks to cup around the board, and redly flows the wine;
But faster yet the raindrops pour, and the lightnings brighter shine.
"What, ho! my faithful warder true, canst see thou yet the sky?
Mount, mount the highest turret now, and shout my battle-cry!"

Back came the warder drenched and pale: "My lord, 'tis a fearful night:
The raindrops pour, the wild winds wail, and the lightnings flicker bright:
Far down the vale sounds the convent-bell, all faint 'mid the tempest's roar;
And the holy monks their dark beads tell, as they pray for the sun once more."

Still howls the storm. "Will muttering prayers stop the lightning and the rain?
Let the lazy monks still patter theirs; but I'll go to my wine again."
With his goblet high in his stout hands tossed, the baron shouts aloud, —
"'Tis a bitter shame that our booty's lost by the raindrops of the cloud!

"So pledge, my bold retainers all!" cried he with a fearful oath:
"Since Heaven is deaf, on the Fiend I call: fair sky and the Fiend, — pledge both!"
Cup rang to cup as the revellers sprang with a wild shout to their feet;
And a deafening peal of thunder rang, as heaven and earth did meet.

Still faster flowed the crimson tide of wine in the banquet-hall,
When an outstretched hand at the baron's side was held by a stranger tall.
"I drain thy pledge," said the stranger-guest, "from the deep wine-cup to-night, —
A bold pledge from a fearless breast, — and will bring fair skies with light."

The baron looked from his chair of state, and he saw the feast was done;
For, of all his twoscore guests that sate, there now remained but one:
The o'erturned cups and flagons tall, the board all splashed with wine,
And the heavy breath of the stout men, all confessed the potent vine.

He filled the cup of the stranger-guest as they sat at the board alone,
And he pledged again with a bacchanal jest as the castle-bell tolled *one*.
"What ho, my warder! see'st the sky? Do the raindrops fall as fast?
Up, up, once more, to the turret high, and see if the storm be past!"

"Hold!" said his guest, "and mount we high, and look on
a cloudless night.
Said I not so, that a fair blue sky should come with the
morning light?"
The golden sun with its cheerful beams shines bright in the
festal hall:
It flashes on the o'erturned cups, and gleams o'er the armor
on the wall.

It unseals the eyes of the bacchanal throng that were
stretched by the festal board:
They started up, and sought full long for a sight of their
absent lord.
High up the winding turret-stair the trembling warder led:
On the last broad step, o'er the threshold bare, lay the
baron, stark and dead!

THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT.

One winter evening a shoemaker came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of "The Fox and Geese" called the nurse-girl to bring "Addlehead" (as she pronounced Adelaide) to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and dirty, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms.

"Here, do look at her! the darling has a pair of the very best ones on. Look, dad, do!" said the mother, calling to her husband.

Just then a tall man, thinly clad, came out of the bar-room door, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. A poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar window. She had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman, on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching thus for her husband to come home. Ah! there he is, riveted for a

moment, looking at the child showing her new shoes. With a start he rouses himself, and rushes out.

"What, Bill, going so soon?" bawls the landlady.

Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside: there's his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside, as if she feared him. Something in Bill's look re-assures her, and she goes up close to him. He took the child from her tired arms (the little creature gave a short, quick cry of fright); and, as he lifted it, I saw that its little feet were bare: it drew them swiftly up under its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wish his hat had been off, that I might have seen his face as those two little blue, chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way.

From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of "The Fox and Geese."

Some months after, there was a meeting at the temperance hall. Many working-men were present, and gave their testimony.

One tall, well-dressed, respectable-looking man listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, —

"Say a word, William Turner: you've known as much about the mischief as any one. Come, tell us; for I never heard how it was that you changed right about face from the mouth of hell to the field of hope. Come, man, out with it: maybe it'll do you good."

The young man, thus urged, rose at the first word, and looked for a moment very confused: all he could say was, —

"The little shoes — they did it."

With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied. The light came into his eyes with a flash: he drew himself up, and looked at the audience, and the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth: the little shoes did it. I was a brute

and a fool: strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer: but I didn't suffer alone. No man does who has a wife and child; for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that: I'll stick to the little shoes.

"I saw, one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me.

"'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I; and there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast: they pierced me through and through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and turned out my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left: I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted any thing but a bit of that bread all the sabbath day, and I went to work like a man on Monday; and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house. That's all I've got to say: it was the little shoes did it."

BURDOCK'S GOAT.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent three minutes in the garden, he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes-line, and devoured two lace collars, a pair of undersleeves, and a striped stocking, belonging to Mrs. Burdock, and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts, when the servant-girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us!" she exclaimed, coming to a dead halt, and gazing open-mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Shew, shew, shew, there!" screamed the girl, setting down the basket, taking her skirts in both hands, and shaking them violently toward the intruder.

Then the goat, who evidently considered her movements in the light of a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head, and darted at her with the force of an Erie locomotive; and just one minute later by the city-hall clock that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes-basket, and was crawling away on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat, who was butting her on the bustle ground every third second.

It is likely that he would have kept on butting her for the next two weeks, if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker, and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness, Anne! do get up on your feet!" she exclaimed, aiming a blow at the beast's head, and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly rising up on his hind-feet, waltzing toward her, and striking her in the small of the back, hard enough to loosen her finger-nails, and destroy her faith in the blessed immortality.

When Mrs. Burdock returned to her consciousness, she crawled out from behind the grindstone where she had been tossed, and made for the house; stopping only once, when the goat came after, and butted her, head first, into the grape-arbor.

Once inside the house, the door was locked, and the unfortunates sought the solitude of their own rooms, and such comfort as they could extract from rubbing and growling; while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the Book of Job, seeking what he might devour; and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening, and learned all the particulars from his arnica-soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half the grape-vine, and one side out of the clothes-basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out, and not leave him there to destroy every thing?" he demanded angrily.

"Because he wouldn't go, and I was not going to stay there to be killed; that's why," answered his wife excitedly.

"Wouldn't fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

"Get out of here, you thief!" he exclaimed as he came into the garden, and caught sight of the shaggy and highly-perfumed visitor.

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket, and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.

"You won't go, hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs. "I'll show you wheth" —

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's shirt-bosom; and, before he could recover his equilibrium, he had been butted seven times in seven fresh spots, and was down on his knees, and crawling around in a very undignified manner, to the horror of the family, and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.

"Look out he don't hurt you!" screamed Mrs. Burdock as the goat sent him flying into a sand-pile.

When Burdock had got his bald head out of the sand, he was mud all over his clothes, and tried to catch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth, and been rolled in the mud.

"Don't make a living show of yourself before the neighbors!" advised his wife.

"Come in, pa, and let him be!" begged his daughter.

"Golly, 'dad, look out! he is comin' agin!" shouted his son enthusiastically.

Mr. Burdock waxed profane, and swore three-story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths; and a pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows, and sent out the cook for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, dad!" advised his son a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

Burdock sprang to his feet, and followed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style, and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the fragrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam, gained rapidly, and, darting between his legs, capsized him into the ash-box.

His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing with arnica and a blessed haven of rest.

The back of the house has been hermetically sealed; and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiments of Boston to come down and practise marksmanship off the roof; promising to furnish a live goat for a target, and a silver napkin-ring as the first prize.

FAITHFUL LITTLE PETER.

THE good wife at her spinning-wheel sat by the cottage-door;
The little children sported in the sunshine on the floor:
For all across the sanded floor in golden bars it lay —
The lovely light of sunset — on that unforgotten day.

And ever, as her wheel went round, her happy thoughts kept time,
And in and out a sweet old song still wove its silver rhyme;
And up and down the level road her soft blue eyes she cast
To watch the goodman coming home, his day's work done at last.

She left her wheel, and spread the cloth, — snow-white, and smooth as silk, —
And heaped the platter high with bread, and poured the foaming milk.
The husband came, — sore, wearied, as toiling men must be:
"Didst not thou meet our Peterkin?" — "Not I, good wife," quoth he.

"An hour ago I sent him to the mill: we wanted meal:
And I am kept so busy at my merry spinning-wheel,
I quite forgot it earlier. I fear the night will come
Before the lad can see again the cheerful light of home."

"Don't fret thyself for Peter, wife: he loiters by the way:
Young feet they are not shod with care, young hearts they are so gay!"

But fast and thick the night came on, and Peter did not come:
Though oft the weary mother looked, the child was not at home.

When slow and solemn on the air rang out the stroke of one,
The father roused the neighborhood, and all a search begun;
And looking right and looking left, with steady feet and slow,
They took the path by which the boy to the mill was used to go.

At last they heard a soft, low voice: it sobbed along the air,—
"O father! wilt thou never come? and I am freezing here!
So cold, so dark! I dare not move, I dare not lift my hand,
Else may the cruel sea break in, and overflow the land!"

Brave little Peter! he was cold, and very much afraid;
But to leave undone his duty came not in Peter's head:
So, close to the little hole in the dike he held his small, rough hand;
And this is how our Peterkin once saved his native land.

His mother clasped him to her breast. "Well done!" his father said;
And everybody praised the boy, and stroked his curly head:
For "a wise child is far better than an old or foolish king:"
So says the holy Book, you know; and so my song I sing.

BLUE AND GRAY.

"O MOTHER! what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child,
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears:
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray;
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child:
"For I saw two cripples to-day;
And one of them said he fought for the blue;
The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg;
The other had but one arm:
And both seemed worn and weary and sad;
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill:
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight;
And the arm, on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farm-yard gate,
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright, and their hearts seemed warm,
With fighting their battles o'er.
And parting at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each called on God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days, —
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side, and, lisping, prayed, —
"Our Father which art in heaven;"
How one wore the gray, and the other the blue;
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair, —
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue, —
"The blue and the gray are the colors of God:
They are seen in the sky at even;
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them passports to heaven."

MOLLIE, OR SADIE?

In a popular Sunday school, on Sunday last, a friend of the cause from Bladensburg was introduced, who, after losing his way several times in the exordium of his few remarks, rose on his toes, closed his eyes, and proceeded to address the children as follows: "Once on a time, my little lambs, there were two little girls, one named Sadie, and one named Mollie. And Mollie was a very good little girl, that used to save up all her pennies for the Sunday school, and learned plenty of verses, and never mussed her dress, and was such a comfort to her mother as you can't think. And Sadie was a careless little girl: she never went for the heathen, and she yawned in church, and usedn't to care where she was going to when she died. Dear children, you ought always to remember that. So one day their great-uncle Peter, after whom they were both named, came to see them, and gave them each a new fifty-cent shinplaster. So Mollie took her fifty cents to the Sunday school, and put it in the box to buy tracts for the little heathen children that couldn't read. And so it happened that the wicked heathen had caught and killed a missionary, and were about to roast him: and, when the heathen chief went to light the fire in the cooking-stove, he took one of those very tracts to do it with, and read the contents; and he and all the tribe were converted. So you see how much good you can sometimes do with a very little money. But Sadie went out by herself, and took her fifty cents, and bought with it — what do you think she bought with it? Well, I will tell you. She bought some oranges, and some apples, and some figs, and some raisins, and some gum-drops, and some molasses-candy with some great, big, split almonds in it (here an unregenerate fat boy, put in Miss Warren's class, hugged himself in rapture, and passed his tongue round his ears), and a doll whose eyes would shut, and a transparent slate, and a picture-book, and prize-package; and she went home and locked herself up in the back-parlor, and ate them all up. Now, dear children, which of these two little girls do you think spent her money best, — Mollie, who sent hers to the heathen? or Sadie, who bought candy?"

The dear children, with a voice as the sounding of many waters, — "Sadie!"

BUTTERWICK'S WEAKNESS.

Deacon Grimes called the other day upon Mrs. Butterwick to ask for a subscription to the Missionary Society. The following conversation took place: —

"Your husband is a Presbyterian, I believe, Mrs. Butterwick?" said the deacon.

"No," replied Mrs. Butterwick: "he belongs to pretty near every thing else on earth but the Church. That's what I say to him, that, while he is joining so much, he'd better join something decent that'll do him some good. But he says he has no time. He belongs to about forty-six secret societies of various kinds. He's the awfulest man for such things you ever saw, and all the time running after them. Monday night he goes round to the Freemasons, Tuesday night he associates with the Odd Fellows, Wednesday is his Red Man night, Thursday is his Temperance Lodge, Friday he goes fooling along with the Knights of Pythias, and all day Sunday he is visiting the sick and the widows and orphans of dead members. If there were sixty days in a week, I believe Butterwick would have some lodge to attend to every night.

"Mr. Grimes, that man actually knows ninety-three grips, and over two hundred passwords! And he's awful mysterious about them! The other day I saw him swinging his arms about kinder queer at breakfast; and presently he stops, and says, 'Thunder! I forgot where I was! Mary Jane, you saw that? It was a grand hailing sign. Swear you'll never reveal it!' And you know he'll wake up nights, and ask me if I heard him talking in his sleep; and, if I say 'Yes,' he'll look scared to death, and get out his pistol, and say he'll blow my brains out if I ever repeat one of those passwords! And he is all the time practising grips on me; but he won't even tell me what any of them are, although he knows I'm just dying with curiosity. He says he knows more secrets than any other man in the whole State; and he says, if he was to tell one of them, those Knights and Patriotic Sons, and the rest of them, would put him into a vault and seal him up alive, or tear him to pieces with red-hot pincers. Says they'd bruise him into eternity quicker'n a wink. Worries me nearly to death. S'pose he was to become temporarily insane, and gush out, what'd become of me and the children?

"He's so careless too! I see him giving the grand hailing sign to the slopman yesterday, and the slopman asked Bridget if Mr. Butterwick had the St. Vitus' dance bad; and I know, when he tried one of those grips on the man that came to tune the piano, the man said, if he squeezed his hand that hard again, he'd give Mr. Butterwick a bloody nose.

"And as for processions — well, it seems to me, that, when Mr. Butterwick ain't at a lodge, he's marching in a procession. Always some funeral or celebration, or something; and he turns out, and goes skipping around through the streets, dressed in a cocked hat and a sword, and looking fierce enough to frighten anybody out of their wits. And he told me that sometimes he gets all these grips mixed, and he'll give a Mason an Odd Fellow's grip, and tell me not to be surprised if he is kidnapped and made way with before morning. And he'll kiss the children good-by, and make his last little arrangements so's every thing'll be straight when he's gone; and then the children and me'll cry, and he'll look solemn, and go to bed to rest before he meets his doom. But nothing ever came of it. They never touched him.

"You ought just to see the letters that come here directed to him, — 'E. Butterwick,' and then a whole alphabet of letters strung after his name. He's a Right Worshipful Grand Master, and a Sir Knight, and an Eminent Past Grand Sachem, and a Noble Grand, and a Grand Chancellor, and a Chief Magnificent Reverend Druid Priest, and a whole lot more such things as that, enough to take your breadth away; and with it all he's no more stuck-up than you are. Just as humble as a lamb! And he says that he can reel out more stuff that they say at ceremonies than'd fill a small library; and he has about sixty sheepskin aprons, and all kinds of pictures on them, that he wears when he is on duty.

"So he has no time to 'tend to church, and no money for the heathen. He spent his last dollar Saturday paying up his past dues to the Knights of Pythias; and he says, if he can't settle up with the Druids by Thursday, they'll cut him off, and chuck him out. I don't know what happens to a man when the Druids shut down on him; but Butterwick hints that it is not much better than sudden death. Perhaps you're a Druid. No? Well you call and see Butter-

wick, and he'll explain it to you; and meantime those heathen'll have to shuffle along the best way they can. Maybe, if you was to write to them how Butterwick is fixed, they might consider that sufficient. Good-morning. Remember me to Mrs. Grimes."

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Sing the song of the singer; merrily ring the rhymes;
Light is the lay they tell us, — light as its echoed chimes:
Sing the song of the singer, mocking at doubt and fear;
Catch the joy of its melody; let its daring beauty cheer.
Well that the mellow music may bear no hidden signs
Of the broken heart of the poet, written between the lines.

Watch the part of the player, bravely and deftly done;
See the difficult height attained, the hearty plaudits won;
Weep with his passionate sorrow, thrill to his passionate bliss,
Blending your joyous laughter with that happy laugh of his.
Well that his marvellous acting dazzles, wins, refines:
Who thinks of the desperate effort written between the lines?

See the work of the painter in coloring rare and rich:
Give it its well-won homage; choose it the choicest niche;
Hang it where it may render, as an artist's best can do,
Companionship in its beauty, delicate, pure, and true.
Well that its silent loveliness softness and thought combines:
None read the bitter, baffling strife written between the lines.

Watch the path of the prosperous, sunny and smooth and bright,
Health and wealth to give in its full of sweetness and of light:
See how the early future is planned for the careless feet,
Given each slight desire, flattered each vain conceit.
Well that the outward surface gladness and peace enshrines:
Who knows the tale of the skeleton written between the lines?

If the singer dies in solitude, his songs sigh on as sweetly:
If the statesman has a hearth disgraced, does he face the world less meetly?
So the artist's touch is fine and sure, who heeds the hand that guides it?
Does the player feel a fading life: his miming, masking hides it.
Cypress and rose and laurel Fate's reckless hand intwines:
Life reads the printed story; Death writes between the lines.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way;

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop, —
The gayest laddie of all the troop:

He paused beside her, and whispered low, —
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,

He guides the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own work firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night; and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANCE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

With diamond dew the grass was wet, —
'Twas in the spring, and gentlest weather, —
And all the birds of morning met,
And carollèd in heart together.

The wind blew softly o'er the land,
And softly kissed the joyous ocean:
He walked beside her on the sand,
And gave and won a heart's devotion.

The thistle-down was in the breeze,
With birds of passage homeward flying:
His fortune called him o'er the seas,
And on the shore he left her sighing.

She saw his bark glide down the bay,
Through tears and fears she could not banish;
She saw his white sails melt away,
She saw them fade, she saw them vanish.

And "Go," she said; "for winds are fair,
And love and blessing round you hover:
When you sail backward through the air,
Then I will trust the word of lover."

Still ebbed, still flowed, the tide of years,
Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses;
And many smiles were turned to tears,
And sombre morns to radiant closes;

And many ships came gliding by,
With many a golden promise freighted;
But nevermore from sea or sky
Came love to bless her heart that waited.

Yet on, by tender patience led,
Her sacred footsteps walked unbidden,
Wherever sorrow bows its head,
Or want and care and shame are hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,
And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the chancel air,
And seemed to hear the organ pealing;

Till once, at shut of autumn day,
In marble chill she paused and hearkened,
With startled gaze, where far away
The waste of sky and ocean darkened.

There, for a moment faint and wan,
High up in air, and landward striving,
Stern 'fore a spectral bark came on,
Across the purple sunset driving!

Then something out of night she knew,
Some whisper heard from heaven descended;
And peacefully as falls the dew
Her long and lonely vigil ended.

The violet and the bramble-rose
Make glad the grass that dreams above her;
And, freed from time and all its woes,
She trusts again the word of lover.

FAILED.

Yes, I'm a ruined man, Kate, — every thing gone at last;
Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past;
Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled;
This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways;
I've dug and delved and plodded along through all my manhood days:
But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart;
For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top, —
Only a few days longer, and then I expected to stop,
And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead:
But now I must give the prospect up; that comforting dream is dead.

"I am worth more than my gold," eh? You're good to look at it so;
But a man isn't worth very much, Kate, when his hair is turning to snow.

My poor little girls, with their soft white hands, and their
innocent eyes of blue,
Turned adrift in the heartless world, — what can and what
will they do?

"An honest failure?" Indeed it was, dollar for dollar paid:
Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said.
Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and
flush of shame.
One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate; and that is an
honest name.

What's that? "The boys are not troubled: they are ready
now to begin
And gain us another fortune, and work through thick and
thin"?
The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't so much to bear:
Their courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and
despair.
"And the girls are so glad it was honest: they'd rather
not dress so fine,
And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly
mine"?
They're ready to show what they're made of, — quick to
earn and to save, —
My blessed, good little daughters! so generous and so
brave!

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each
other left,
No matter of what possessions our lives may be bereft?
You are right. With a quiet conscience, and a wife so good
and true,
I'll put my hand to the plough again; and I know that
we'll pull through.

THE CANTEEN.

THERE are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours, —
Fetters of friendship, and ties of flowers,
And true-lovers' knots, I ween:

The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss.
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack fine as silk:
But, whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss;
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle, and days of rest:
But this memory I cling to, and love the best, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean, —
Oh! then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE.

O Mahs'r! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard for what we does: you knows it's Chrismus night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahs'r! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, workin' hard an' workin' true:
Now, shorely you won't notus ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday, — a leetle restin'-spell, —
Bekase nex' week we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahs'r, — min' dis, now, — de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in;
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me, indeed it do, — I mebbe mout be wrong, —
That people raly *ought* to dance when Chrismus comes along:
Dey dance bekase dey's happy, — like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de blowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet-king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out to sing:
But, 'cordin' to de gif's we has, we does de bes' we knows;
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right:
An' let de blessin' stay wid us untell we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky.

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' for to sing de glory tune.
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when.
O Mahs'r! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen!

AN EXCITING CONTEST.

We have doubts about the following story, which comes to us from the interior; but the author is responsible for what he says, and his name can be obtained upon application at this office.

Last winter two of my neighbors, Mr. Miller and Mr. Grant, lost their wives upon the same day; and both of the

funerals took place three days afterwards, the interments being made at the cemetery about the same hour. As the two funeral parties were coming out of the burying-ground, Miller met Grant; and, clasping each other's hand, they indulged in a sympathetic squeeze, and the following conversation ensued: —

Miller. "I'm sorry for you. It's an unspeakable loss, isn't it?"

Grant. "Awful! She was the best woman that ever lived."

Miller. "She was, indeed. I never met her equal. She was a good wife to me."

Grant. "I was referring to my wife. There couldn't be two best, you know."

Miller. "Yes, I know. I know well enough that your wife couldn't hold a candle to mine."

Grant. "She couldn't, hey? Couldn't hold a candle! Why, she could dance all round Mrs. Miller every day in the week, including Sundays, and not half try! She was an unmitigated angel, take her any way you would."

Miller. "Oh! she was, was she? Well, I don't want to be personal; but if I owned a cross-eyed angel with red hair and no teeth, and as bony as an omnibus-horse, I'd kill her if she didn't die of her own accord. Dance! — how could a woman dance that had feet like candle-boxes, and lame at that?"

Grant. "Better be cross-eyed than wear the kind of a red nose that your wife flourished around this community. I bet it'll burn a hole through the coffin-lid. And you pretend you're sorry she's gone. But you can't impose on me: I know you're so glad you can hardly hold in. She was the chuckle-headedest woman that ever disgraced a graveyard: that's what *she* was."

Miller. "If you abuse my wife, I'll knock you down."

Grant. "I'd like to see you try it."

Then the two disconsolate widowers engaged in a hand-to-hand combat; and, after tussling a while in the snow, the mourners pulled them apart, just as Mr. Miller was about to insist upon his wife's virtues by biting off Mr. Grant's nose.

When they got home, Mr. Grant tied crape upon all his window-shutters to show how deeply he mourned; and, as Miller knew that his grief for Mrs. Miller was deeper, he

not only decorated his shutters, but he fixed five yards of black bombazine on the bell-pull, and dressed his whole family in mourning. Then Grant determined that his duty to the departed was not to let himself be beaten by a man who couldn't feel any genuine sorrow: so he sewed a black flag on his lightning-rod, and festooned the front of his house with black alpaca.

Then Miller became excited; and he expressed his sense of bereavement by painting his dwelling black, and by putting up a monument to Mrs. Miller in his front-yard. Grant thereupon stained his yellow horse with lampblack, tied crape to his cow's horn, daubed his dog with ink, and began to wipe his nose on a black handkerchief. As soon as Miller saw these proceedings, he spread a layer of charcoal all over his front-yard, he assumed a black shirt, he corked the faces of his family when they went to church, and he hired a colored man to stand on his steps and cry for twelve hours every day. Just as Grant was about to see this, and go it one better, he encountered Miss Lang, a young lady from the city; and in a couple of weeks they were engaged. Then he began to take in the evidences of his grief; and this made Miller so mad, that he went around and proposed to Miss Jones, an old maid who never had an offer before. She accepted him on the spot; and they were married the day before Grant's wedding, which so disgusted him that he would have given up Lang if she hadn't threatened him with a suit for breach of promise. There is peace between the two families now; but, when Mrs. Miller gets on the rampage sometimes, Mr. Miller mourns for his first wife more than ever.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched, and his look was weird:
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved, and the bayonets lowered;
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second, a third straight filled his place;
The third, and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed;
Many a throat that cheered was hushed;
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces, and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave, and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with gallant air,
His head erect, and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt.
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over the first one toppled; but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's-length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed:
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground:
His limbs were shapely and soft and round;
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade:
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came, and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead.

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

"IF WE KNEW."

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road;
If our lips could taste the wormwood;
If our backs could feel the load, —
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow, —
Never trouble us again, —
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah those little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when Winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweetest accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

SCENE FROM "LONDON ASSURANCE."

(ADAPTED.)

Lady Gay Spanker. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt! Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir Harcourt Courtly. Does your ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay. Ha! Does my ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of coursé! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract: I tried it once.

Lady Gay. Once? — only once?

Sir H. Once, — only once; and then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay. Why! you would not have him walk?

Sir H. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but, aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. His next resource, however, was more effectual; for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Lady Gay. Ha, ha, ha! How absurd you must have looked, with your legs and arms in the air like a shipwrecked tea-table!

Sir H. I never looked absurd in my life. Ah! it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay. I pity you, Sir Harcourt: it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H. Possibly; but, be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom-window.

Lady Gay. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek, — a steeple-chase. There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone. The start was a picture. Away we went in a cloud, — pell-mell, helter-skelter, — the fools first, as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them, — first Max's Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug. Kitty skimmed the walls; Blueskin flew over the fences; the colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run. At last the colt balked a leap, and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves: she was three lengths

ahead as we breasted the last wall, — six feet if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head, — ha. ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt. Over went the filly; I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch, — walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

Sir H. Bravo! bravo!

Lady Gay. You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir H. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Lady Gay. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H. Oh, pardon me! I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my travelling-carriage; and I always considered it disagreeable.

Lady Gay. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning; the silent song the flowers breathe; the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause: these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp, foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep? In fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. No? Then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh, the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! — the view-hallo, bent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music, — match it where you can. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course. Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven — all — all — one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing. My

jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it.

Sir H. [*Aside.*] I wish I were the mouth!

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall:
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall
To the peals of minstrelsy;
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armor hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
O'er the earth with palm-boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly from that rich board
Why rose the wassail band?
The strings were hushed: the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder o'er his face,
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood;
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried:
"Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side
In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look at the features of thy line
In each fair little one.
Though grief a while within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies,—
Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother? — where?
He in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck intwine,
His fond lips press thy brow!
My son! oh, call these orphans thine!
Thou hast no brother now.

"What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart, and true,
When reared together there:
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew.
Where is thy brother? — where?

"Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen.
How is it that such things can be
As though they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave:
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offered to the grave.

"And let them, let them there be poured!
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh! Death is mighty to make peace:
Now bid his work be done;
So many an inward strife shall cease:
Take, take these babes, my son!"

His eye was dimmed; the strong man shook
With feelings long suppressed:
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strained them to his breast.

And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight;
And eyes were wet midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

SIDEWAYS.

I was once at a country theatre when the amusements were to commence with the beautiful play of "The Lady of Lyons." The young gentleman who had the ambition to play the principal character had applied to the manager to know when it would be proper for him to move his hands *before*, when *behind*, and when *sideways*. He could, he said, repeat the words very well, but was at a loss to know how to follow Shakspeare's advice to players in suiting the action to the word. The instructions were accordingly inserted in the part; and the young gentleman got them so thoroughly impressed upon his memory, that when in the cottage-scene, where young Melnotte confesses his love for Pauline, he began thus: —

Pauline (*before*), by pride (*behind*)
Angels have fallen ere thy time (*sideways*); by pride,
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould (*all round*),
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart had power upon thee (*sideways*).
From my first years my soul was filled with thee (*behind*).
I saw thee (*before*) midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee, — a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing (*before*), and wore thy shape (*behind*).
I saw thee (*before*), and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy (*behind*);
And from that hour I grew (*sideways*) — what to the last
I shall be — thine adorer (*behind*). Well, this love,
Vain (*before*), frantic (*behind*), guilty if thou wilt, became
A fountain (*sideways*) of ambition and bright hope.
I thought of tales (*behind*) that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell, — how maidens sprung from kings (*sideways*)

Have stooped from their high sphere; how love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the monarch's sceptre (*behind*).
My father died (*sideways*); and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord (*behind*). Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul (*sideways*), took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils (*behind*).
Pauline, for thee I sought to borrow from each grace
(*before*),
And paid them all back (*sideways*). I thought of thee
(*before*),
And passion taught me poesy; of thee (*behind*),
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty (*sideways*). Art became the shadow (*behind*).
Men called me vain (*before*); some, mad (*behind*). I heeded
not:
I still toiled on, hoped on; for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee (*sideways*).
At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts (*behind*) that burst their channels into song
(*sideways*),
And sent them to thee (*before*), — such a tribute, lady
(*behind*),
As beauty rarely scorns (*before*), even from the meanest
(*sideways*), —
The name appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created (*behind*). When thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos, in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge. Thou hadst trampled on the worm
(*before*):
It turned and stung thee (*behind*)!

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